

A woman with long dark hair is wearing a vibrant red, form-fitting bandage dress with horizontal ribbing. She is posing with her right hand near her neck and her left hand slightly away from her body. The background is a plain, light color.

Caught By His Roommate
by Crystal Summers

Crystal Summers Classic TG Tales

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Chapter 1: “Picking A Roommate”

Peter Newton didn't want a roommate... not at first. He had an awesome downtown apartment just blocks from the school which overlooked the city's biggest park, and he didn't want to share it. He liked living alone. But the apartment was expensive and he realized he couldn't afford it. He needed a roommate. He didn't like the idea, but he was resigned to it. Then, one day, he realized this was an opportunity. That realization would change his life.

“Are you really getting a roommate?” asked Peter's friend Alex.

“I don't have any choice,” said Peter. This was true, but this wasn't what Peter was really thinking. By this point, he was actually looking forward to finding a roommate. In fact, he felt almost giddy about the prospect, provided he could find the right one... *the right woman*. He wasn't going to tell his friends this, however, because he didn't want to explain what he was thinking. That was a secret he wasn't going to share with anyone.

“I could use a new place,” hinted Alex.

“I could too,” said Peter's other friend John. They were in the student union at the college having lunch.

Peter shook his head. There was no way he was going to get a male roommate.

“Why not?” asked Alex.

Peter bit his lip. He hadn't expected either of his friends to offer to move in and now he needed to come up with a reason why they couldn't. “Uh, well, I don't think it's smart for friends to be roommates. That's the most sure way to ruin a friendship,” said Peter. Alex and John seemed to buy that and Peter felt relieved. He didn't want them asking too many questions.

The following day, Peter put an ad in the paper. To avoid suspicion, he didn't limit the ad to just women. Because of this, he found that most of those who contacted him were males, but he just told them that the place had been

taken. The women, however, he arranged to meet. The first two he ruled out the moment they walked through the door because one was manly in her appearance and her dress and the other was far too small. They were not likely to give him what he wanted.

The third woman seemed like a great prospect at first. Her name was Ginger and she was gorgeous. Her hair and nails were exquisite and she was about Peter's size too. Granted she wore only shorts and flip flops at the moment, but Peter had no doubt this beautiful woman had a closet full of amazing clothes. Indeed, she seemed like exactly what he was looking for...until he started showing her the apartment.

"This will be your room," said Peter.

She smiled and raced to the window. "What a view!"

"I know. Great, isn't it?"

"It's amazing."

Peter walked over to the closet. "Here's the closet. It has plenty of room for your clothes. Notice the tall hangers for your dresses and the built in shelves for all your shoes."

Ginger chuckled. "Oh, I won't need that. I don't wear dresses," she said, "and I always wear flip flops. But the shelves would be great for my shorts and my jeans."

Peter's face fell. He looked very sad. That wasn't what he wanted at all. He sighed and determined to tell her later by phone that a complication had arisen and the landlord wouldn't let him rent the place out after all.

He was starting to get frustrated.

Then Lisa showed up on his doorstep. Lisa was a cute young blonde with perfect hair and nails, like Ginger, but she also came to the door wearing a bouncy skirt, a tiny top through which Peter could see exquisite lingerie, and high-heeled sandals. What's more, by Peter's estimate, her heels had to be at least four-inch heels! Any woman who wore four-inch heels to go

apartment shopping had to wear heels a lot! Best of all, she appeared to be about his size.

“She’s perfect!” thought Peter.

He smiled broadly as he showed her around the apartment. Then they came to what would be her room. She gasped at the view of the park. Meanwhile, Peter went to the closet for “the test.” He felt hopeful.

“Here’s the closet,” he said. “It has plenty of room for your clothes. Notice the tall hangers for your dresses and—”

“Oooh, and look at the built-in shelves for all my shoes!” exclaimed Lisa.

Peter felt himself get hard. “You have a lot of shoes?”

“Tons.”

“My sister is into shoes. She has a million pairs of heels,” said Peter to test her. He invented the sister.

“I do too. I’m always in heels.”

Peter smiled. “So what do you think,” asked Peter to the perky young blonde.

She smiled back. Her cuteness intensified when she smiled. “I love it! It’s an amazing apartment!” she replied.

“Do you have any other questions?”

Lisa shook her head. “No, you’ve explained everything.”

“What do you think about the rent?”

Lisa twisted her lip and blushed slightly. “Honestly, it’s a little high for me. I’m hoping to get a raise at work this week so I can afford it.” She batted her eyes at Peter, who felt himself get even harder.

“Oh, that’s no problem!” exclaimed Peter. He wasn’t going to lose her over a few dollars. “Why don’t we do this: I’ll cut the rent by \$100 a month for the first six months. Then we’ll talk again after that. How does that work?”

She smiled again. She knew that would work to get him to lower the price. It was obvious to Lisa that Peter was turned on by her and she intended to take full advantage of that. "You would do that for me?"

"Sure!"

"Thank you so much!"

"So do you want the place?" asked Peter.

"Absolutely!"

"Great!" said Peter.

And like that, he had a roommate.

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Lisa moved in two weeks later. She had some furniture and some books, but the vast majority of what she brought were clothes and shoes. Peter felt intensely excited to see what she owned and he jumped at the chance to help her move her stuff in. Unfortunately, she didn't let him open any of the boxes.

"Do you need help unpacking?" volunteered Peter.

"No, I'll be fine," said Lisa.

Peter felt disappointed, but he would wait. Lisa would be unpacked soon and then he could see what treasures lay in her closet.

Unfortunately for Peter, he would wait for quite some time. Indeed,

Lisa took her time and it took over a week before she was completely unpacked. Even worse, as far as Peter was concerned, she didn't leave the apartment at all during that period. She didn't go to work. She didn't go to school; she attended the same college Peter did as an art student. She just stayed at the apartment and spent her days unpacking and arranging her room and talking to her friends on her phone.

A week later, she finally left.

Peter felt intense excitement. He was desperate to get a look at her closet. In fact, with each passing day that he was denied the chance to look into this treasure trove that stood a mere two feet from where he slept on the other side of the wall, this desire morphed more and more into an obsession. He masturbated thinking about it each night. He even began to dream about it. And now, finally, here was his chance: Lisa needed to go out to get more groceries.

“I don’t have super long,” he reminded himself.

The grocery store stood just around the corner and Lisa could be back fairly soon. Consequently, he only had time to look if he wanted to be safe. But look is all he needed to do right now; there would be time for more later.

“She’ll be here a long time. I don’t need to do it all now,” he told himself, though his penis disagreed with this sentiment. It was hard as a rock and it clearly wanted him to jump right in and play no matter what the potential dangers.

He stroked his penis.

“Down boy. You’ll get your chance.”

Peter entered Lisa’s room. He kept the door open so he could hear the front door, just in case she came home unexpectedly. He went to her closet and stood before it as if it were some sort of shrine. He took a deep breath.

“Ready?” he asked himself.

He nodded his head in response.

“Let’s see what we’ve got!”

Peter pushed open the closet door and was immediately hit by the smell of perfume. It was a beautiful smell that took his mind away for a moment and made him close his eyes. He snapped out of it a second later and he saw an amazing sight. Lisa’s closet was full of colors and feminine patterns and prints. There were all kinds of straps on an array of dresses. He saw dresses of various lengths. Several necklaces hung in the middle of the closet from

the main bar. The shelves... *the shelves* were lined with a vast number of high-heeled shoes in all different styles and with all different types of heels. Some were open-toed, some had pointy toes. Some had lots of straps, some had just a few. Some were basic pumps, most were more exotic.

It was amazing.

In the middle of it all, however, one item stood out. This was a simple pink dress. Why it stood out isn't clear; it just caught Peter's eye somehow. The dress was sleeveless with two thick straps that ran over the shoulders. It had a square collar. The bodice of the dress was fitted and the skirt flared out from there. The skirt itself seemed short, but it would likely hang to just about his knees if he put it on. This dress was truly simple, but something about it set his soul afire.

"I need to wear that dress!" said Peter and he ran his fingers over the dress. He pulled it from the rack and placed it up against his body. He stepped over to Lisa's full-length mirror.

Just then, there was a noise at the front door. Lisa had returned earlier than expected!

Peter nearly panicked, but he somehow managed to maintain control. He jammed the dress back into the closet and closed the closet door. He raced out of Lisa's room, closing her door behind him. His heart was pounding as he rushed to the living room where he crashed down on the couch and picked up a text book. He pretended to be reading.

"Hi there, I'm back!" said Lisa as she came through the door moments later.

"Welcome back! How was the store?" asked Peter.

"It was fine. They weren't busy, which was great. How are you?"

"I'm good. I'm just reading."

Lisa unpacked her groceries and then got a book from her room. She sat down next to Peter and started reading. She kept reading all afternoon. Peter, meanwhile, read for a while and then went to his room. He couldn't get the pink dress out of his mind and he needed to masturbate.

“That was an amazing dress!” he told himself. He knew that he needed to wear it soon.

Chapter 2: “Caught In The Act”

It took another four days before Lisa left the apartment again. Peter discovered during this period that she had taken time off from work so she could settle in and her classes were on hiatus because her professor was away on a trip to an exhibit. That explained why she never left and it gave him comfort that she would eventually need to return both to her job and her schooling. In the meantime, however, it was killing him that he couldn't get rid of her.

Peter had thought that being able to see Lisa's closet would satisfy his needs for the moment and make it easier for him to wait until she left for long enough that he could really enjoy her clothes. Unfortunately, it had the opposite effect. Touching the pink dress but not getting to wear it had made the dress into an obsession for him. Wearing it was all he could think about. Even worse, Lisa tended to roam the apartment fully dressed from head to toe. That meant she would lounge around in a skirt or dress and high heels. Everywhere she went around the apartment he heard her heels: “*CLICK CLICK CLICK*” if she was wearing pumps or sandals or “*CLICK-SLAP CLICK-SLAP CLICK-SLAP*” if she was wearing mules or slides. The sound was killing him. He was constantly hard and constantly fighting an overwhelming need to just whip out his penis and start jerking it off right then and there.

He had never masturbated so much in his life.

“When is she going to leave!” he groaned into his pillow as he rubbed his sore penis once again. “I need to get into that closet!” He sighed.

Then Peter laughed at himself. He felt like an idiot, but he also knew this wasn't going to end until he indeed got a chance to wear her clothes. That chance finally came the following Monday.

It was Monday. Peter and Lisa both had class, but the moment Peter found out that Lisa was leaving, he decided to skip his class today. He could afford to. Besides, he *needed* to get into Lisa's closet before he went insane and, for all he knew, this could be the only time Lisa left the apartment this week. He couldn't pass this up.

"There she goes," said Peter as he watched from his window as Lisa crossed the street on her way back to the college. "I should be alone for a couple hours now!" He rubbed his hands together excitedly. "Keep going girl, keep going!"

He stayed in his seat until Lisa disappeared from sight down the block.

"Finally!" he exclaimed.

Peter raced to Lisa's room and all but threw open her closet. His eyes were immediately drawn to the dress, the same pink dress that had dominated his dreams now for a week. He had dreamed of chasing it, of wearing it, and even of being forced to wear it. It was safe to say that it obsessed him.

"I so badly need to wear that dress!" he told himself as he stripped.

Peter suddenly stopped. He had a horrible thought.

"What if this isn't real? Maybe I'm dreaming!"

He took a deep breath and reached out and touched the dress. His fingers tingled as he felt how silky smooth the dress was. It was amazingly smooth on his fingertips... and it was indeed real. He shuddered.

"Oh, I can't wait," he said.

Peter pulled the dress toward him and smelled it. It smelled like Lisa's perfume. Then he pulled the dress from its hanger and he laid it over her chair.

"Almost there, gorgeous," he said to the dress.

Next, he opened her panty drawer. Inside, he found a wealth of panties, bras and other items of lingerie. He couldn't believe how much Lisa had and how beautiful it all was. He took a pair of red lace panties and a matching bra with a tiny lace rose between the cups. He also pulled out some stockings

and a suspender belt. He'd never seen a suspender belt in person before. Finally, he set all of this on the chair and again ran his fingers over the dress.

"This is going to be amazing!" he said and he giggled. He felt giddy and feminine even though he had yet to put on a single item.

Peter returned to the closet to look over Lisa's collection of shoes.

"You simply can't wear a dress without heels!" he said and he giggled again.

He dug into Lisa's closet. She had so many shoes it felt like Peter had found buried treasure. Lisa had pumps and sandals and wedges. They came in any number of colors and styles. It was almost too hard to pick out a pair as she had so many he wanted to wear, but he finally settled on a pair of white high-heeled sandals with two thick straps that crossed over his toes and a stacked-wood platform. The platform was about an inch high and the heel was five inches overall. These would be difficult to wear, but not impossible.

"Good thing I've worn heels before," he told himself. "Otherwise, these would be impossible."

He sniffed the shoes as he held them. They smelled of leather with just a hint of Lisa's feet and the lotions she used to keep them so soft.

"Hmmm."

Peter set the shoes on the floor and picked up the lingerie from the chair. He took the panties first and pulled them up his legs until they covered his erection. They managed to cover it, but they provided him with no support. What's more, it was likely that his penis would find its way out of these delicate panties if he moved too wildly. That realization added to the thrill, and he squeezed his erection through the panties, making it tingle.

"Wow, that feels good!" he said and he took a deep breath. He thought about masturbating right then, but he didn't. His goal was still to wear the dress. Then he would masturbate.

Peter let go of his penis and he took the stockings in his hand next. He rolled them up, one at a time, and he pulled them up his legs. He had worn stockings before, but never any that actually belonged to a real woman. That

fact, and their silky, electric feel made his penis throb. He touched it again and a wet spot appeared on his panties.

“Better stop before I cum.”

Peter pulled the suspender belt around his waist next and attached the stockings to it. It took him a moment to grasp how the suspenders worked as he'd never seen one before, and when it was in place he stopped for a moment to savour the feel of the suspenders tugging gently on his stockings. This sent a tingle up his spine.

“Wow, I love that!”

Next, Peter took the bra he had found and he pulled it around his chest. He buckled it in the back and slipped his arms through the straps. He noticed that the cups were flat, which made him sad on the one hand, but on the other hand, wasn't anything he ever wanted changed; he liked being a man, he just had this one peculiar “hobby.” To make the bra fit better, he would stick some panties into the cups when he returned to the lingerie drawer.

Peter then sat down and picked up the first sandal. He examined the beautiful shoe. It was gorgeous. He'd seen Tina wear these too and that made them special in his mind. High heels were one thing; high heels actually worn by a woman were something completely different in his world. He slipped the shoe onto his foot and he felt his erection grow another inch, or so it seemed. He'd never worn high heels before that had been owned and worn by a woman. These turned him on something fierce.

“They fit!” exclaimed Peter as he buckled the buckle on the shoe.

He noticed that the shoe forced his foot to stay at a strange and highly feminine angle. Not only would that make walking in these difficult, but it would turn him on as it did. Somehow, it was the curves created in a woman's foot that excited Peter most about heels... well, that and the sounds and the way it enhanced her walk.

Peter attached the other shoe and he rose to his feet. It always felt strange to stand and walk in heels, even though he had done it before. It felt naughty. It also felt unstable, which somehow translated in his brain to

making him feel vulnerable and therefore feminine. By putting these on, he had gone from hunter to prey, and that made him smile.

“You can’t be a girl without heels,” he said with a giggle.

He stroked his penis again several times. The wet spot grew bigger.

With Peter dressed in everything but the dress, he went to the mirror and he examined himself. Obviously, he wasn’t passable as a woman, but that wasn’t what he was looking for. What he wanted to see was an emasculated image of himself. That is what excited him. It turned him on to think of himself being stripped of his manhood and forced to become a girl... something he viewed instinctively as a lower class than men. Being passable wasn’t really his goal.

“You look great, girly,” he told himself.

He struck several feminine poses and then slowly rotated so he could see himself. His penis stuck out straight beneath the panties. It throbbed. “Now,” he declared, “it’s time for the dress!”

“Is it really?” asked the voice of Lisa behind him.

“*CLICK!! CLICK!! CLICK!! CLICK!! CLICK!!*” went her camera. Peter had a problem.

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Peter jumped in shock and spun around when he heard Lisa’s voice. He had no idea where Lisa had come from. He didn’t hear her enter the apartment and he never expected anyone else to be there, much less the owner of the dress he was just about to slide over his head and onto his body. His mind froze with fear and a dozen other emotions and he couldn’t make himself speak; not that he knew what to say in any event. All he knew for certain was that Lisa looked intensely angry.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?!” demanded Lisa.

Peter opened his mouth to respond, but nothing came out.

“You sick little sissy! Is this why you wanted a roommate? So you could go through my closet and wear my clothes?!” growled Lisa.

“I— I—” stuttered Peter.

“How dare you!”

Peter’s mind finally began to focus enough that he could make conscious thoughts. He realized that he was in a world of trouble. He didn’t know the extent of it yet, but he knew it was big. His first instinct at that point was to run. Maybe, if he could make it to his room and remove Lisa’s lingerie, then he could come back and speak to her rationally. That seemed like his best option.

So he ran.

Peter dashed toward the door. Unfortunately, while he had considerable practice in high heels, heels this high were unfamiliar to him, especially when used for running. So he started to stumble almost from the first step. Then he stepped on his briefs, which he had removed and tossed to the floor when he changed into Lisa’s panties. They proved slick against the hardwood floor and his foot slid out from underneath him. As a result, he crashed down face first on Lisa’s bed, and he did so in an awkward angle which tangled his arms in the sheets and left his rear in the air.

Lisa saw him make a break for it and then fall, and she rushed over to where he had fallen.

“Oh no! You don’t get away that easily,” she exclaimed and she jammed her knee and hand against his back and pinned his face to the bed. She then raised her other hand and rained a series of intense spankings down on Peter’s unprotected rear.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

She continued for what seemed like forever to Peter. She was definitely taking out her anger at him. Indeed, not only did she deliver a tremendous number of blows, but she kept adding strength to each blow. After a few dozen or so, his rear was bruised and inflamed and her blows began to sting. Soon enough, he was begging her to stop.

“Please stop!” he pleaded.

“Why?!”

“This hurts!” He felt deeply humiliated saying this. Getting caught in women’s clothes was horribly humiliating. Getting caught in Lisa’s clothes was worse. Being pinned to the bed and humiliatingly spanked while wearing those clothes was, in a word, emasculating. And then needing to beg this small woman to stop hurting him with her spankings was just too much. Peter felt like he had entirely lost his manhood and he would have sulked away to cry if he weren’t in such pain. He could never look her in the eyes again, he knew that. “It really hurts!” he added.

“Good! I should keep going until you can’t ever sit again!”

“I’m sorry! I didn’t mean it!”

Lisa stopped for a moment and laughed. “You didn’t mean it? You didn’t mean to walk to my closet and put on my clothes? Are you seriously telling me it just happened by accident? Maybe my clothes jumped out at you?”

Peter knew how stupid that sounded, but he didn’t know what else to say.

“I’m sorry!”

“I’m sure you are,” she said and she delivered more blows.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

By this point, Peter was wincing with each blow and tears were coming. They hurt a tremendous amount and each blow also further pricked his shrinking

manhood; though ironically, his penis had begun to grow hard for some reason.

“I’m sorry! I’ll do anything to make it up to you! Please just stop!” he begged.

Lisa was just about to tell him that there was no way to make up for this invasion of her privacy, when his words triggered something within her. An idea arose... a twisted idea... an idea of the perfect revenge on this little pervert who had done such an awful thing to her.

“You want to make this up to me?!” she asked rhetorically.

“I will! I swear!”

“I’ll tell you what. You *are* going to make this up to me. You’re going to make this up to me by doing everything I say from now on or I’m going to share my photos of you in my clothes with your tiny little dick sticking out with everyone you know... friends, family, classmates and your job.”

Peter felt like he had been punched in the stomach. This had just gotten serious and he wanted to throw up. He had known he was in trouble, but until this moment, he had no idea that trouble would take this form. What had he gotten himself into?

“Get up,” commanded Lisa and she smacked his tender rear once more.

Peter slowly untangled his arms from the bed and he stood up. Once he was standing, he reached around behind himself and started to unlatch the bra. Lisa shot daggers at him with her eyes.

“What do you think you’re doing?” she demanded.

“I’m taking off your clothes,” he said.

She waved her finger at him. “No, no. You wanted to wear my dress and I want to see that now... *I insist*,” said Lisa smugly and she tapped her camera-phone. Then she took another photo of him for good measure.

Peter realized right away what this meant, or he thought he did. He assumed she was blackmailing him, pure and simple, and she intended to get more material. He didn’t realize that she had something different in mind.

“Get moving,” said Lisa.

“Look. Can’t we talk about this?” asked Peter.

“Talk? What’s there to talk about? You made the biggest mistake of your life when you violated my privacy and started playing around in my closet. Now you need to pay the price for doing that.” “And what is the price?” asked Peter cautiously.

Lisa laughed cynically. “The price is that I’m going to use you and humiliate you as I see fit for as long as I want and there isn’t a thing you can do about it, not unless you want everyone knowing what kind of a sissy perv you are.”

“So you aren’t going to tell anyone?”

“Not if you do everything you’re told.”

“Everything?”

“*Every single thing.* And you better do it with a smile on your face and a crisp ‘yes Ma’am’ every time or I may just decide that I’m wasting my time and I might just expose you to everyone,” said Lisa coldly.

Peter cringed. He would die if his friends and family found out. He could never live that down. And what kind of dating life could he ever have if all the girls knew what he had done? Even worse, he remembered a student a few years back who got expelled and even made the news for stealing three pair of panties from different co’eds. This would no doubt be much worse and even more newsworthy.

“I have a little bit of money,” said Peter. “I can give it to yo—”

“Ha! Forget it. You’re not bribing your way out of this, sissy boy. You violated my privacy. I’m going to do the same to you. I want you to understand how it felt to see you there jerking yourself off in my lingerie!”

Peter shuddered. This was a huge problem. Unfortunately, he had no choice but to surrender.

“Fine! You win. What do you want me to do?”

“I already told you,” said Lisa. “You’re going to follow my orders. You’re going to give yourself to me and accept any command I give. You will refuse me nothing. You will deny me nothing. You will accept any difficulty, any indignity, and any humiliation I choose to impose.”

“For how long?”

Lisa shrugged her shoulders. “We’ll see. If you’re good and I feel like you’ve learned your lesson, then maybe I’ll let you go free with your reputation and everything else intact. If you fight me and make this difficult and I get the sense that you’ve learned nothing, then we’ll just keep going,” said Lisa calmly but firmly. She walked over to the chair where Peter had placed her dress and she picked it up. She held it out before his body, examining him to see if he would fit.

He trembled.

“Put it on,” she commanded and she tossed it to him.

Peter caught the dress. He felt its silky smoothness in his hand once more. Before, it felt like paradise, like a divine garment dropped from the heavens into his lap by good fortune... now it felt like a prison.

“*Put it on,*” growled Lisa.

Her tone and the determination it displayed scared Peter and he wasted no time in sliding the dress over his head. He was going to hate this, he told himself, but the moment the dress was in place he felt his penis grow hard again.

“You’ll dress like a woman from now on—”

“From now on?!” whined Peter angrily. “But what about my classes? What about my job?! What about my social life?!”

Lisa grabbed Peter’s penis, which stuck up beneath the dress, and crushed it with her grip. She also dug her nails into it, which brought Peter crashing down to his knees as he winced in pain.

“Don’t you dare use that tone with me!” growled Lisa.

“I’m sorry,” grunted Peter through gritted teeth.

“You belong to me from now, Peter. Got it?!” She grabbed his hair and yanked it. “This hair? It belongs to me now! I can make you shave it, colour it, or curl it if I like.” She let go of his hair and reached her free hand down and squeezed his balls. “These are my balls now too! They belong to me too. I can do whatever I want with those too!” she growled. “Do you understand? You belong to me!”

“Yes! I understand,” he gasped.

“Good, because I expect you to be respectful, deferential and submissive. If you aren’t, then I’m going to punish you, and how I do it will be up to me. It could be anything from another spanking to public humiliation to exposure. The choice is mine and there isn’t a thing you can do about it. So don’t push your luck.”

With that, she let go of his penis and his balls.

“Now kiss my foot and show me that you understand.”

Peter didn’t even blink. The pain in his balls told him all he needed to know about the cost of resistance, so he immediately bent over and planted his lips right on Lisa’s toes, which stuck out the front of her tan wedge-heeled sandals and he started kissing. As he did, Lisa spoke.

“As for your questions, when you are home, you will dress in feminine clothing. I will pick it out for you. When you are at school or work, you will wear feminine clothing beneath your male clothing. If you have misbehaved, I might even replace some of your outward, visible male clothing with female clothing, so you better think before you act. As for your social life, you won’t have one for now.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Peter as he kept kissing her toes.

Neither doubted Lisa’s power anymore.

Chapter 3: “Serving Lisa”

A few minutes later, Peter found himself on his knees, holding up his dress so that his erection was exposed, as Lisa sat before him in a chair. Her legs were crossed and she kept wiggling her high-heel encased foot back and forth, pushing around his erection with it. She meant for this to humiliate him, and it did, but it was also turning him on something fierce. Even stranger, it was turning her on. Indeed, Lisa was beginning to find this to be a genuine turn on all around. She didn't want to think about that though as she was still too angry at Peter for invading her closet and wearing her clothes, so she tried to ignore it. But that didn't keep her from getting wet and feeling periodic tingles.

“Here are the new rules you will follow,” said Lisa.

Peter cringed that this young woman was about to give him orders, but he couldn't really say anything about it at the moment. Lisa tapped his erection with her toe to get his attention.

“Pay attention.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“From now on, you will wear women's clothes exclusively around the apartment. I will pick them out for you. You will not wear men's clothes again without permission. Do you understand?” she asked and for emphasis, she tapped his penis again with her shoe like a paddle bounces a ping pong ball.

Peter swallowed hard. If this hadn't been real life, it would have been pure thrill for him. Indeed, he'd sometimes masturbated to fantasies that were similar to this. But with this being real, there was an element of terror that seemed to control the situation. He trembled.

“Yes, Ma'am,” said Peter.

“You will act as my personal servant. You will keep the apartment clean. You will cook meals. You will help me with whatever duties I assign you. Basically, anything I ask, you will do. You will wait on me hand and foot.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Peter and he shuddered.

“And don’t try to slack off. You’ll find that I can be rather demanding,” said Lisa. Interestingly, her tone remained sweet, but as Peter was finding out, this cute and seemingly meek young woman was quite capable of taking charge and commanding when she wished.

“No, Ma’am. I won’t.”

Lisa patted him on the head like a dog. “Good. Now come with me,” she said and she stood up, smoothed her skirt and walked to the door. Peter struggled to his feet behind her; it wasn’t easy standing up in the heels. When he was up, he tottered after her to the kitchen. “I want to see you work. Clean this place.”

“Clean what?”

“Clean the kitchen. Get a mop and some rags and start cleaning.”

Peter looked down at the pink dress he wore, the stockings and the high heels... especially the high heels. He didn’t have a ton of experience in heels this high or even in wearing heels for very long, but he did have enough to know that working in these heels would be very difficult and very painful.

“Clean the kitchen in this?” he asked and he ran his hand down his body like a model showing off a dress.

Lisa looked him up and down. An evil smile crossed her face. “All right, take off the dress. I wouldn’t want that getting dirty.”

“That’s it?”

“That’s it.”

Peter shuddered. Now he would be cleaning the kitchen in lingerie and high heels, with his penis bouncing along inside his panties the entire time. This was going to be humiliating. But as he told himself already several times,

there was nothing he could do to stop it. So he grabbed the broom and he got started as Lisa took a seat and watched him and criticized his work.

“You better do this right,” warned Lisa.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

After nearly an hour, Peter had cleaned everything in the kitchen. His feet were very sore in the heels. In fact, he almost asked to take them off several times, but he thought better of it; Lisa was beginning to strike him as someone he should not tell about any weaknesses he had. Unfortunately, after he finished the kitchen, she ordered him to start cleaning the rug in the living room. When she did that, he complained.

“Look, I’m sorry, but it’s really hard to wear these heels and do all this work. Can I take them off? My feet are killing me!”

“No. You wanted to wear my heels and now you will.”

“But they hurt!”

“You’ll just have to get used to it.”

Peter hung his head. He’d never worn heels this long, much less to work, much less five-inch heels. He didn’t like the sound of getting used to this at all. But again, he had no choice. “Yes, Ma’am.”

“And let me be clear, Peter. If you take off those shoes or anything else you are wearing... one little stitch, without my permission, I will punish you in ways you can’t even begin to imagine.”

Peter swallowed hard. “Like what?” he asked nervously.

Lisa snickered. “You really want to know? All right. I’ll show you!” “No! That’s not what I meant!” exclaimed Peter. “It sounded that way to me,” said Lisa.

“I never said that, and you know it!”

Lisa raised an eyebrow. “Are you calling me a liar?” Peter hesitated. “Well, no,” he said cautiously.

Lisa folded her arms. “It sounds like you’re not sure now.”

Peter furrowed his brow but didn't speak. He decided it was safer to say nothing at this point. Lisa took advantage of this.

"Fine. I'll take your silence as an admission, so come with me." She started toward her bedroom, but Peter didn't budge. She stopped and turned back to face him. "The more you resist, the harder this will be on you."

Peter took a deep breath and asked himself if he could resist her or not. He decided that he couldn't, not at the moment. Right now, she held all the cards. She had pictures of him in all sorts of states of feminine dress in her room and then cleaning the kitchen. He could never explain that to his friends. So, for now, he needed to comply. Hence, he lowered his head and he followed Lisa to her bedroom. As she walked before him, he watched her balance on her heels, which were at least as tall as his. She was very graceful, and that turned him on. He got hard... again.

"Clearly, you need to be taught a lesson," said Lisa as she went to her closet and pulled out a bag. From the bag she pulled a pair of restraints.

"Turn around."

"What are you going to do?"

"Punish you. And if you ask another question, I'm going to punish you twice."

Peter shuddered and turned around. "Yes, Ma'am."

Lisa took the restraints and tied Peter's hands firmly behind his back. There was no way he could free himself. Then she grabbed a pair of handcuffs and attached them to his ankles. He could now barely move his legs. She then tied his wrists to his ankles so that they were pulled down quite strongly. Next, she pulled down his panties, freeing his erection. Finally, she attached a blindfold.

"Now, I'm going to take you out into the hallway where all the neighbours can see—"

"You're what?!" gasped Peter.

Lisa flicked the head of his penis with her fingernail. This stung and it caused Peter to double over, which pulled hard on his restraints. It was a difficult experience for him, as it was meant to be.

“Do not interrupt me,” said Lisa. “I’m taking you out where your neighbours can see and I’m going to let them do whatever they want to you. If you’re lucky, they’ll just take your picture, though I’m sure some of them will want to play with you. Of course, if you’re unlucky, they may just call the cops.”

Peter almost passed out when he heard this. There was no way he could let his neighbours see him, and being picked up by the police dressed like this would be a disaster. He needed to avoid this. He told himself, he would do anything to stop that.

“Please! Please don’t do this!” pleaded Peter. “I swear, I’ll do anything you want!”

Lisa chuckled. She knew this would work. “Anything?”

“Anything! I swear.”

Lisa picked up a pair of panties from her laundry hamper. She had worn these to work out and they smelled very badly of sweat. She jammed them against his penis. “All right. Jerk yourself off.” “How? My hands are tied?” asked Peter.

“How do you think? Use my hand,” said Lisa and she wrapped the panties around his shaft and stroked him. This felt great to Peter.

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Peter. “I’ll do it!”

With that, Peter, started jamming his penis back and forth into Lisa’s hand. The first couple strokes went well, but then Lisa loosened her grip. Suddenly, the target Peter was aiming for was a good deal larger in circumference than his penis and it became much harder for him to find a way to stroke himself with her hand.

Still, he did it.

Then Lisa took a step away and slowly pulled her hand with her.

Peter couldn't see anything because of the blindfold, but he realized that his penis was no longer striking her hand in the same place and he inched forward as best he could in the heels and without being able to see to try to find her hand so that his penis could keep being jerked off.

He found it.

Then, again, she took a step away and slowly pulled her hand after her.

Peter again realized what was happening and he did his best to follow her.

Lisa snickered. "I should put a time limit on you." Once again, she stepped away.

Peter followed her. He felt intensely humiliated by this game of hers. Not only that he was supposed to masturbate on her order, but that she was making such a joke of it. He felt like the butt of that joke and like her own personal toy.

"Hmm, you're no closer to cumming. This doesn't seem to be working," said Lisa with a smug snicker. "Maybe we should put you in one spot? That might help. But how would we do that?" she asked in a fake confused tone. "Oh, I know. Come with me, sissy boy... follow my hand... come on sissy boy... here boy!"

With that, Lisa reached out with her pointer finger and tickled the underside of the head of Peter's penis. Slowly, she began stepping away again. Hence, once more, Peter needed to follow Lisa, using her finger and his penis as a guide. He shuffled along in the very high heels with his ankles bound until she led him to what he realized was the sofa.

"Now, I wouldn't want you sliding off the sofa when you sit down, so I've given you something to anchor you," said Lisa.

Peter ground his teeth. He knew this wasn't going to be that easy; there had to be a catch.

"Sit down carefully," continued Lisa and she aligned Peter with the seat. She made sure to pull his panties down to his knees so that his rear and his hole were entirely exposed.

Peter didn't know why she had said that, but he bent down very slowly. He had no choice in any event because of the way he was bound; if he moved too fast, he would fall and yank his bindings too tightly. So, slowly he went. And as his rear neared the couch, he felt something poke him. He didn't know what it was, but it felt pointy, though with a rounded edge, and about as wide as three fingers together. It was slick too, like it was covered in oil.

"What is that?" asked Peter nervously. "Sit down," said Lisa.

"But it's in the way!"

Lisa laughed. "No, it's not. You're going to sit on it, girly."

Peter's jaw dropped. "You want me to sit... *on it*?"

"Uh huh," said Lisa. "Now do it before I lose my patience."

Peter cringed. He had no idea what this thing really was and, whatever it was, he felt extremely nervous about it. Could he trust her not to do something that would harm him? What choice did he have? Even worse, it was also deeply humiliating that he was supposed to cram whatever this was up his ass. He felt very unhappy about this.

"Now!" growled Lisa.

Peter took a deep breath. He was trembling. He could feel the tip of the thing sliding against his rear. It was clearly lubed. He spread his legs as best he could and he lowered himself a few millimetres. The thing slid up a bit and then down until it found the tiny indentation formed by his anus. It slipped into that crevice and started to push inside.

"Good girl! Keep going!" said Lisa mockingly.

Peter slid further down. He'd never had anything in his rear before and this was a truly strange feeling. As the thing slid between his cheeks, it actually felt quite good, though it felt incredibly odd. Then it started its journey inside him. As it did, he suddenly felt very full.

"I can't go any further. I'm too full," said Peter.

"That's just a feeling, you're not full. Keep going."

Peter took another deep breath and let his rear down further onto the couch. The dildo pushed further inside him. As it did, the pressure began to build. Soon his entire rear felt like it might explode and pushing the thing further inside him became harder.

“Are you sure?”

“Keep going.”

A moment later, he reached the couch. The thing was inside him. It felt simultaneously amazing, emasculating, and painful. Peter didn't know what to make of it except that he felt deeply humiliated and his rear was very sore from being spread so far apart by this thing.

“Now hold still,” said Lisa.

As Peter held still, Lisa wrapped the dirty panties around his rock-hard penis and she stroked him fast and hard. This made Peter tremble. The thing inside him was touching something which seemed to be affecting his penis too. It made him feel like he was peeing.

Suddenly, Peter's penis squirted cum into the panties... lots of cum.

“Wow!” exclaimed Peter. He had never cum quite like this before. It was almost involuntary and came with nearly no warning. It felt more like he was peeing actually. It also shot out much more cum than he normally did.

“Good girl,” said Lisa with a chuckle. “Now open your mouth.”

“My mouth?”

“Yes. Do it now!”

Peter opened his mouth and Lisa jammed the dirty, sweaty, cum covered panties into his mouth. They tasted disgusting.

Lisa then pulled what felt like a leather belt Peter had been sitting on around his waist and tightened it. This belt, an inverted strap-on belt, trapped the dildo inside his rear. She then untied his hands.

“Ok. Now you get to clean the living room,” said Lisa.

“Hmmpf?”

“You heard me. You’re going to clean the living room just as you are. You’re not going to remove the panties from your mouth or the dildo from your rear or the cuffs from your ankles,” said Lisa.

Peter’s jaw dropped. In the heels, his feet would keep hurting and his balance would be precarious. With his ankles cuffed, he could only inch along. The dildo in his ass would make bending over and even walking very difficult. And the panties in his mouth were just pure humiliation. He would be sucking out every last drop of Lisa’s sweat and his own cum from them as he worked.

“Maybe now you’ll realize that my punishments can be very creative,” said Lisa. “And effective.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Peter.

Lisa then slapped his ass cheek, which made the dildo shake in his rear. “Get to work!”

“Why did I ever try to steal her clothes?” thought Peter.

Chapter 4: “Back To Class”

For the next few days, Peter found himself living as Lisa’s personal maid. For being such a cute and seemingly meek girl when he first met her, Peter was finding out fast that Lisa was quite capable of taking charge and commanding when she wished. Interestingly, despite the utter humiliation of everything she did to him, Peter was finding also that this was turning him on like nothing ever had in the past. What’s more, he realized that whenever she made him cum, which she did a lot, it was more satisfying than at any time in his life. He had no idea what to make of this.

Lisa too was finding that she could no longer deny the fact that having this man under her control was turning her on. This unique opportunity gave her a chance few women would ever experience: the chance to do anything she ever dreamed of to a man. Strangely, what seemed to excite her the most was the simple act of feminizing him. She didn’t know why, but something about that just turned her on. She had never expected that.

In any event, it was time for Peter to return to class. This would be the first time he left the house since his enslavement and Lisa wasn’t going to let him leave without a strong reminder.

Peter looked at the clothes Lisa had chosen. Spread out on the bed before him was his worst nightmare. He saw panties, stockings, high heels, skirts, sweaters and things he didn’t even begin to comprehend. He felt woozy and thought he might pass out.

“Oh God, I can’t wear those things,” thought Peter. He felt sick to his stomach. “They aren’t even close to appearing masculine!” He turned to face Lisa.

“Please don’t make me wear those things!” he begged.

“Why not?”

“There’s no hiding what I’m wearing if I’m wearing a skirt and high heels!”

Lisa chuckled. She had picked out the skirts and the heels for that very purpose, to scare Peter. She wanted to remind him that things could be much worse. She ran her hands over the pink dress and then the pair of matching pink pumps she had set on the bed.

“You’ve been good this week. You’ve been a nice, little, submissive, girly slave. So I’m going to be kind. I won’t make you wear all of this,” said Lisa.

“Oh thank God!” thought Peter.

“...unless you start misbehaving.”

Peter clenched his muscles and redoubled his determination not to misbehave.

“So I won’t make you wear the heels or the dress. But as I warned you, you will wear feminine clothing beneath your male clothes when you leave the house. You need that reminder of who’s in charge. Got it?”

Peter ran his tongue over his teeth. “Yes, Ma’am.”

“Thank me for my kindness.”

“Thank you, Ma’am, thank you!”

Lisa chuckled. The idea that a man would thank her for only forcing him to wear panties and stockings was laughable. It filled her with a sense of control. She reached out and stroked Peter’s dick simply because she could.

“Well, let’s get you ready for your big day at school, slave boy!” exclaimed Lisa and she slapped his ass again. Then she looked through the clothes on her bed. She picked up a pair of black panties, a black suspender belt, tan stockings, and a black bra. She handed those to Peter, who looked distinctly uncomfortable taking them.

“What do I do with these?” asked Peter.

“You wear them, of course. You know how, sissy boy.”

Peter shuddered. These were dark enough they might show through his clothes. He suddenly felt worried.

“Now take off your shoes and socks and sit down in that chair,” said Lisa as she pointed to her desk chair. “I’m going to fix your toenails. I think we need a sexier colour.”

“What about my fingernails?” asked Peter and he held up his bright pink fingernails.

“I’ll think about it,” said Lisa.

Peter gritted his teeth and he prayed she was kidding.

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Peter sat down at a table in the student union with his friends. He felt extremely nervous, though fortunately, none of his friends had noticed. They were too busy eating their sandwiches to pay much attention to how Peter was behaving. What had Peter so nervous was what he wore. To be more precise, it was what he wore beneath his hoodie and his jeans that was bothering him.

“Hey Peter, how’s the new roommate?” asked Peter’s buddy Alex.

Peter suddenly felt nervous talking about Lisa. His fate rested firmly in her hands and something told him that it would be unwise to show her any disrespect around campus, so he decided to downplay the entire issue.

“She’s fine,” he said.

“Fine?! That’s it? I heard she’s hot,” said his other friend John.

“She’s hot?” asked Alex.

“Very.”

“Wow. Have you made it with her yet?” asked Alex.

Peter blushed. “She’s my roommate!”

“So? It’s not like you couldn’t tell her that was a condition of moving in or something.”

Peter blushed even deeper. "I can't believe you guys?!" he blurted out angrily.

Alex and John both furrowed their brows. "We were just kidding, man. Calm down."

Peter shrugged his shoulders. "Sorry," he said.

"So what's she like?" asked John.

"She's nice."

"Nice? Nice how?" asked Alex.

Peter really didn't want to talk about her, but he felt he had no choice but to finish this conversation. "Just nice. She's a good roommate. She's quiet and keeps to herself. What more can I say?" "Has she come on to you?" asked Alex.

Peter blushed again.

"See! I told you," exclaimed Alex to John.

Peter immediately objected. He shook his head and said, "No, I never said that. She's nice. That's it. That's all that's happened. There is nothing else."

Alex shot Peter an unbelieving look. "Yeah, right. So why won't you invite us over?"

Peter bit his lip and nervously adjusted his rear in his seat in the hopes of hiding any panty lines that may have appeared since he sat down. "Uh, it's complicated."

"Try me."

"It's just complicated. I want to respect her privacy," said Peter. That was the best he could come up with as he felt the tug of the suspenders on his stockings.

"*Her privacy?*" asked John incredulously.

"Yeah."

"What about it? Are you saying you can't have guests ever again because of her privacy?" asked Alex.

Peter rubbed his nose to buy some time to think. “Uh, well, no, but I don’t want to invite you guys over just so you can gawk at her. Look, I’ll invite you at some time. In the meantime, just let it drop.”

Alex and John both looked at each other and laughed cynically, but they did what Peter wanted, which was that they let the topic drop and they moved on to discussing the various hot girls around the room. Peter engaged in the conversation with them, but he felt awkward doing so, given that he was wearing panties, stockings, a suspender belt and a bra. He was sweating and he felt nervous the entire time, as if people knew what he was wearing. At least Lisa had removed his fingernail polish.

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About an hour later, Peter sat in a giant lecture hall looking around nervously at the other students. Something inside his head made him certain that everyone else in that lecture hall knew exactly what he wore beneath his jeans and his hoodie. Obviously, that couldn’t be the case, but he felt it nevertheless, and that feeling made him terribly insecure. Interestingly, it also made him strongly erect. In fact, his penis was throbbing. He’d never expected that reaction!

“I don’t think I’m going to tell Lisa about that,” he said and he shifted his legs to make sure his erection was hidden deep within his jeans; he had never been ashamed of an erection before now. “She’d probably laugh me right out of the apartment. And who knows what she’d make me wear then?!”

A moment later, the lecturer entered the hall and everyone settled down and faced the stage. This was an important class toward Peter getting his degree, but he was struggling to pay attention because his mind was focused constantly on what he wore beneath his clothes. This built up with each passing minute. It began with a sense of paranoia. Soon, his heart was racing and he began to sweat. Strangely, this only made his penis harder.

Halfway through the lecture, he began to have nightmarish visions of himself suddenly losing his pants and his shirt and everyone seeing what he wore beneath his clothes. It made no sense, but that was what he kept seeing. And with each passing vision, the storylines of these fantasies became more and more elaborate.

“I need to stretch,” Peter imagined himself saying out loud.

He rose, curled his hands into fists and stretched out his arms like a cartoon character might, unballing his fists as his arms reached their furthest stretch point. He yawned. As he stretched, his pants suddenly fell to the floor, where they tangled around his ankles. His panties, stockings and suspender belt were now visible, as was his enormous penis – it was always much larger in his visions than in real life.

“Oh my God! Peter’s wearing panties!” squealed the cute blonde behind Peter.

Every head in the lecture hall turned to stare at Peter. They all burst out laughing, with most pointing as well. Peter heard a dozen voices mocking him:

“Look at the sissy!”

“He’s wearing stockings too!”

“And a suspender belt!”

“He must want to be a girl!”

“He must be gay!”

“What a sissy!”

Then a girl’s voice said, “He’s hard as a rock too! Wearing women’s clothes must turn him on! Grab him!”

Peter saw the danger and tried to race for the back door of the lecture hall, but his legs got tangled in his pants and he stumbled to the ground. Apparently, he was wearing heels now too and that didn't help.

As he fell to the ground, the other students, all girls, rushed him. A moment later, he found himself lying on the floor as, all around him, the girls had gathered in a giant, closed circle, trapping him. All he could see were their feet in their high-heeled shoes and the bottoms of their legs beneath their skirts and dresses.

"Help!" he squealed.

Then he realized that while his face was pressed against the floor, the rest of his body had landed in the shape of a triangle, with his ass up in the air. As the girls encircled him, a group spread his legs and grabbed his balls beneath his panties. Another group stroked his penis. A third group started playing with his rear. He was powerless to resist as they stuck their fingers inside his rear. Then one produced an enormous dildo from her purse. She rammed it inside his rear and the entire group took over.

"Ahhhh!" screamed Peter.

This dildo was much larger than the one Lisa used on him whenever the mood struck her. Indeed, it was enormous. It was so large, that it felt like it would split his ass in two whenever the girls pushed it further inside him.

"Take him to the front!" screamed one girl.

"Yes! Take him to the stage!" screamed another.

Once again, Peter was powerless to resist as dozens of soft hands lifted him into the air with the dildo sticking out of his rear. They seemed to pass him down through the crowd, down the stairway to the front of the lecture hall. Finally, he was thrust onto the stage, where he was stripped naked and then redressed. He couldn't see what he wore at first, until they ordered him to stand. When he did, he discovered that not only was he wearing the panties and stockings he had been wearing, but he was also wearing superhigh high-heeled sandals and a sexy red Devil costume.

His penis became incredibly hard. It was so hard it actually hurt.

“Dance!” screamed the crowd.

“Strip!” screamed one girl.

“Strip tease!” screamed another.

Peter looked over the crowd. Somehow he felt that he knew each of these girls. They might have been ex-girlfriends for all he could tell. And they wanted him to humiliate himself before them. He certainly didn't want to, but it was obvious that he had no choice.

“This is so humiliating!” squealed Peter and they all giggled.

“Dance!” screamed the crowd.

Peter had no choice, so he swished his hips back from his left to his right. He repeated the motion. Soon, he was dancing.

“Mas—tur—bate! Mas—tur—bate! Mas—tur—bate!” cheered the crowd.

“What?” asked Peter. He felt shocked, though something inside him wanted to do this. Something inside him wanted him to expose himself to this crowd of girls and humiliate himself.

“Mas—tur—bate! Mas—tur—bate! Mas—tur—bate!” cheered the crowd again.

Peter reached down and grabbed his penis. He started stroking.

Suddenly, his vision vanished as the boy with the unkempt hair who sat next to Peter in the lecture hall asked, “Dude, can I borrow a pen?”

Peter felt disoriented, but the question snapped him out of his fantasy and brought him back to the real world. It happened just in time too apparently as he realized that he was squeezing his dick through his jeans and had just started stroking it. He looked down and saw this, as did the other student, who now looked shocked and disgusted.

“What the fu—?”

“Whoa! I'm sorry, man. I had an itch,” said Peter. His face was bright red with embarrassment. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a pen and held it out for the young man. “Here you go.”

The young man curled his lips in disgust. “Keep it, dude.” That had been humiliating.

—o—

Peter felt even more humiliated walking home as he recounted what had happened during the day. He had been shaken by his experience that first day in public. He couldn't believe how nervous and sick he felt just wearing women's underwear under his clothes. He *knew* that no one could see what he wore, and yet, he couldn't shake it from his mind that everyone saw everything. It was an interesting realization just how paranoid it made him to be wearing something naughty like panties... something he loved to wear in secret.

What was even more disturbing, however, were the fantasies and how hard Peter had been the entire day. At first, he put being hard off to the sexy feel of the silk panties rubbing against his penis. He loved wearing panties after all. But how did he explain the humiliation fantasies?

“What does this mean?” he asked himself.

He looked down at his penis, which remained erect at that very moment. Peter felt a shudder run down his spine. Sure, he had had the occasional submissive fantasy in the past, who hadn't? But he had never been this turned on by it. And the more extreme it got throughout the day, the more it turned him on. Indeed, whereas the first fantasies involved some girls simply giggling at him, by late afternoon, his fantasies had turned to masturbating on stage for an army of mocking women, and that's when he became super turned on. He didn't know what that meant, or at least, he didn't want to believe what it meant.

It was the same thing with Lisa. The more she humiliated him, the harder he got and the more powerful his orgasms were. Again, he knew what that meant, but he didn't want to believe it was true, so he pretended it wasn't. But it was.

In any event, one thing he knew for sure was that he wasn't going to share any of that with Lisa. She had enough power already and she didn't need more insight into his mind.

Peter walked into the apartment.

"Oh you're home," said Lisa. "How was your day?"

"Fine."

Lisa giggled. "Just fine, huh? So you liked wearing panties?" "No, I didn't," said Peter.

"That's too bad, because that's what you're wearing from now on when you leave. In the meantime, I've set out a cute black and white dress I found for you today. It's on your bed. Go change into it," said Lisa. She smirked. In addition to the dress, she had found some killer high heels with a six-inch heel. She was going to enjoy seeing Peter totter around the house all night. She liked seeing him struggle. And afterwards, she might make him describe his day to her... and then masturbate thinking about him roaming the streets in women's clothes.

Chapter 5: “Sissy Party!”

Peter’s life continued like this for the next few weeks. At home, he was forced to dress in feminine clothing, complete with tight skirts or dresses and very high heels. He was often made to keep a butt plug or dildo in his rear and he often found himself with his hands or legs or both bound. He had no privacy either as Lisa used him as she saw fit and she felt free to play with his penis any time she wished. Peter found himself objecting to this less and less, though failing to fight back always made him feel shameful.

Whenever Peter left the apartment, which he did only with Lisa’s permission and under her terms, he was made to wear feminine lingerie beneath his clothing, and he spent his time terrified that someone would spot him. Public exposure still was not something he could stomach.

Despite the turn on factor, all of this was very humiliating for Peter. It made him feel weak and helpless and he didn’t like that. I also went against everything he believed that made him a man. Yes, he was a cross-dresser and it turned him on to wear women’s clothes, but it was just a naughty thrill. He still saw himself as a normal, macho male. This experience, being feminized and used by a young woman stripped all of that away and left him feeling like a toy. It was shattering to his ego.

Of course, it was also a huge turn on, but that probably just made it worse. Indeed, he found himself compelled to masturbate almost every night, which again seemed to make things even more shameful.

He felt confused.

And things were about to get worse yet.

Several weeks after all of this began, Peter experienced his first true shock. As he flittered around the apartment dusting as Lisa watched him, the doorbell rang. This was not a happy moment for Peter, who wore a dark blue pencil dress along with open-toed high-heeled pumps. In fact, it sent him into a panic and he raced to hide himself in his bedroom.

Lisa wouldn't have it.

"Where do you think you're going?" asked Lisa as she rose from the couch. She wore white capri pants and a multicolored sweater. She had slipped out of her shoes, but now she stepped back into them. They were white open-toed wedge-heeled slides.

Peter froze. "I— door— hide—"

"Oh no, no, no, no! You aren't going anywhere!"

"But... but... *there's someone at the door!*"

"I am aware of that," said Lisa as she continued making her way to the door. Her heels clicked off the hardwood floors and slapped against her feet as she went.

CLICK SLAP! CLICK SLAP! CLICK SLAP! CLICK SLAP!

"But they'll see me!" said Peter. He was still struggling to speak.

"Come to the door now," commanded Lisa.

Peter wanted to tell her no way and race off to his room, but the past few weeks had put him in an odd sort of mindset where he found that he could no longer resist Lisa's commands. He wanted too, but his mind just told him that resistance was not only futile, but would make his situation work, and his brain would overrule any other impulse. Hence, without another word, Peter turned and found himself almost involuntarily marching to the door. Fortunately, in addition to his dress and heels, he also wore heavy makeup and a blonde wig which covered parts of his face. This was the first time Lisa had put him in a wig.

"Please don't make me do this," begged Peter.

“Get over here,” said Lisa as she reached the door. She pointed to the floor next to her and Peter stepped to that spot. He put his feet together, dropped his hands demurely to his sides, and stood there trembling in his heels. Watching him made Lisa wet. When he reached the spot she wanted, Lisa grabbed the knob and turned it.

“Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!” thought Peter.

Lisa yanked the door open. She was about to scream the names of her friends, whom she had invited over to come see her new toy... but it wasn't them. It was two males instead. She didn't recognize them.

Peter, on the other hand, did. He recognized his two friends Alex and John and he began to swoon. He felt like he was going to pass out. He felt like his spine had vanished and he was ready to fall into a pile of flesh and silk. He was desperate to crawl into a hole and vanish right about now, but he knew his best bet was to say nothing and to hope that Lisa protected his secret.

“Uh, who are you?” asked Lisa. She looked confused.

The two males looked equally confused. “Hi, uh, is Peter home?” asked the first male.

Lisa smirked and her eyes darted over to the feminized Peter. For a brief moment, Peter thought she was going to give him away and he began to tremble uncontrollably. His knees became weak. Yet, strangely, his penis grew really hard, so hard in fact, that he worried that the others could see it through his dress.

“Peter? Home? Oh, are you friends of Peter's?” asked Lisa.

“Yeah, hi,” said Alex and he held out his hand. “I'm Alex. This is John.”

Lisa smiled but ignored his hand. “Why don't you come in?” asked Lisa.

Peter was sure he shrank three inches when she said this.

A moment later, Alex and John walked into the apartment. Both looked Peter up and down as they entered, starting with his high-heel encased feet and continuing very slowly up to his padded breasts and his feminine wig. Both were clearly excited by his appearance.

“Hi,” said John.

Peter blushed. “Hi,” he replied though it was barely more than a peep.

Lisa led them to the middle of the room. “Sadly, Peter’s not here. He’s off getting his nails done, I think. Or maybe he’s getting his bikini line waxed. Which was it, Debbie?” asked Lisa to Peter.

It took Peter a moment to realize she meant him when she addressed “Debbie.” He swallowed hard. His mouth was dry. “Uh, I don’t think it’s either of those,” said Peter.

“Are you sure? I know he gets his nails done on Monday.” Alex and John giggled.

“Are you serious?” asked Alex. He couldn’t contain his smile.

Lisa rolled her eyes and continued in a very polite and serious tone which was clearly mocking Alex and John, though they didn’t seem to get that. “Oh yeah. I see his painted nails all the time as he saunters around here in his high-heeled sandals.” At this point, she folded her arms up at her sides and held out her hands like small wings. Then she pretended to walk in an almost drunken, sissyish manner as she pretended to use her hands to balance.

Everyone laughed... everyone except Alex.

“Do you know when he’ll be back?” asked John. He had an obvious erection.

“He’ll be home tonight, won’t he?” asked Lisa to Peter.

Peter nervously nodded and simultaneously shook his head.

Lisa chuckled. “Well, ok. I think he’ll be home tonight.” She turned back to the two males and a wicked smile appeared on her face. She touched Alex dead centre on the chest. “I’ll tell you what,” said Lisa. “Why don’t you both come by at nine tonight. If I’m right, then Peter will be back. And if not, then maybe the four of us can have some fun?”

Alex and John’s jaws dropped. They were stunned and began bobbing their heads up and down. Lisa smiled back and pushed them both out the door, reminding them to return at nine sharp. She then turned to face Peter and she rolled her eyes.

“Your friends are idiots,” said Lisa.

“Are you ser— what, uh what are you— uh, what— are you serious about them coming back tonight?” asked Peter.

Lisa snickered. “I am. The question is, will they come back?”

Peter’s mouth became even drier. “What are you going to do if they come back?” he said, though he could barely mouth the words.

“The question is, what are you going to do?” asked Lisa.

With that, she pulled her phone out of her purse and she called her friends. Peter didn’t hear a word of the conversation because he was so terrified he had no idea what to do. He couldn’t stay here if his friends came back. They would find out who he was! And even if they didn’t, what would Lisa make him do? But where else could he go? He felt sick.

“What am I going to do?”

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Peter wiped the sweat from his brow. He trembled. In fact, he trembled enough that his dangly earrings jingled as they swung in his ears. He was passable, he knew that, but he was still worried. Could he pull it off upon closer inspection? And what would Lisa make him do? She clearly had something planned, but she wouldn’t tell Peter what it was. He had spent a horrible afternoon dreading this, and as the hour approached, that dread turned into terror.

“You look sexy,” said Lisa as she examined Peter’s black babydoll dress.

“I feel slutty, not sexy,” said Peter anxiously. He looked down at his black strappy sandals with their five-inch heels and his exposed toenails which were painted bright red.

Lisa chuckled. She brushed back the bangs the wig gave him. “I won’t kid you. You do look a little slutty, but you’re still sexy.”

Peter took a deep breath. "Can I ask a question?"

Lisa shrugged her shoulders. "Sure."

"You've got my friends thinking that we're going to party with them. What are we supposed to do if they show up and try to take us up on that?" asked Peter nervously. His voice broke as he spoke.

Lisa snickered. "Why? What do you want to do?"

"Nothing! I don't even want to let them in!" "Then you should hope they don't show up." *Ding Dong!*

The doorbell rang.

"Too late," said Lisa with a laugh and she marched over to the door. She wore a black dress with a leg slit that reached almost to her hips. On her feet were black high-heeled pumps with a pointy toe which just barely poked out beneath the long dress. She brushed back her wavy hair and pulled open the door. "You're here!"

"Yeah, we came back," said Alex. He wore a jacket now over his polo shirt and jeans. It wasn't much of an improvement.

Lisa smiled. "I'm glad. Come on in."

The boys accepted Lisa's invitation and entered the apartment. When they were inside, Lisa closed the door, but left it unlocked. She then took the boys' coats and suggested they sit on the couch.

"Is Peter here?" asked Alex.

Lisa's eyes again darted toward the feminized Peter. She smirked.

"Let's just say he's here in spirit."

Neither boy understood what she meant, so they ignored it.

"Uh, when we were here earlier, you said that if Peter wasn't here, then uh, you know—"

"We could party," said Lisa slyly.

Alex blushed. "Yeah."

“Give me a moment with my friend,” she said and she ushered Peter to her room. She closed the door behind her. “Here’s the deal. You’re about to do something you probably never thought you would ever do.”

“Then why am I going to do it?” asked Peter.

“Two reasons. First, because if you don’t, then I’m going to march out there and tell those boys who you really are. I will show them your photo album too and I’ll encourage them to pass that on to everyone.”

Peter bit his lip. He didn’t want that at all, but if she wanted him to do what he thought she wanted, then being exposed might be the better alternative. He swallowed hard, knowing he faced an impossible choice.

Lisa continued: “Secondly, if you do this, then your sentence will end. I’ll let you out. Full parole. You can go back to being the little perv you were and nobody ever needs to know.”

This made Peter’s eyebrow go up. Her offer suddenly seemed a good deal greater than it had been. In fact, the prospect of freedom was perhaps the biggest thing she could offer to him right now and he was willing to pay a large price for it.

“So what’s it going to be, perv?” asked Lisa.

Peter took a deep breath. Not knowing exactly what she would demand made this harder, but it seemed worth it to him. “After all, what would she really demand?” he wondered.

“I need an answer now,” said Lisa.

Peter nodded his head. “I agree.”

Lisa chuckled. “Good.”

With that, Lisa took Peter’s hand and led him back out to the living room. The two boys were sitting on the couch. They were highly nervous, but also intensely excited. Both had erections poking up beneath their pants.

“All right, boys,” said Lisa. “Sadly, I am saving myself for marriage, but my friend Debbie here is not and she wants to have a little fun with both of you.

She's willing to give one of you a blow job while the other gets to fill her gorgeous ass." Lisa pinched Peter's butt cheek as she said this, which made his erection jump. For a brief moment, it was visible beneath the dress before it vanished again in the mess of panties Peter used to hide it.

Alex and John's jaws dropped when they heard the offer. Peter almost threw up when he heard it. She had never mentioned him doing this alone.

He felt like he had been tricked.

"So who's going to do what?" asked Lisa.

Alex babbled something incoherent.

"Oh, before we start," said Lisa, "there are a couple of conditions.

First, you two need to get naked right now."

Without waiting, both boys jumped up from the couch and started stripping.

"Secondly," continued Lisa, "nobody gets to touch Debbie's privates." "Ok, that's fine," said Alex.

John nodded his head furiously but didn't seem to be able to speak.

Both boys were naked a few seconds later. Lisa smiled and walked around picking up their clothes. She said she would take them to the kitchen to move them out of the way, but she actually put them in a garbage bag which she set out into the hallway moments later when no one was looking. She paused and examined the two naked males. Then she put her finger on her lips.

"Hmm."

"What?" asked Alex.

"Do you know what would be even more fun?"

"What?"

"Something really kinky!"

"What?"

“Wait here,” said Lisa and she went to her own room. She returned a few moments later with a pair of dresses, some panties and some high-heeled sandals. Peter noticed that he regularly wore each of the items she picked out.

“What are those for?”

“They’re clothes. You put them on,” said Lisa.

“But they’re women’s clothes.”

Lisa smiled. “So they are.”

John and Alex looked at each other.

“We can’t wear women’s clothes,” protested John.

“Well, that’s the price of admission,” said Lisa smugly.

The two males looked at each other again. Then, very slowly... very reluctantly, John nodded his head at his friend. A moment later, Alex nervously nodded his head back. They both looked at Lisa and then took the dresses.

Peter couldn’t believe his eyes as he watched his two friends slip into the dresses and then step into the heels. He never would have suspected that either would have agreed to this as part of getting to have sex, but they had. He wanted to ask Lisa what she was doing and why, but he knew that now was not the time.

“All right!” exclaimed Lisa, who was super wet.

And suddenly, there they stood, Peter’s two best friends. One wore an ill-fitting lilac dress and matching high-heeled sandals with a thick platform and chunky heels. The other, John, wore a red asymmetrical dress with a low-cut top. On his feet were silver strappy sandals with a straight five-inch heel. He could barely stand.

“Why don’t you come over here?” said Lisa and she moved Alex around to Peter’s rear. Lisa then grabbed John and moved him over before Peter, saying, “And why don’t you totter on over this way?” She then nodded to Peter to get down on his hands and knees.

Peter felt intensely sick. Could he really do this?

As Peter struggled with his will power, Lisa came up next to him and pushed him down to his knees. He offered little resistance. She then pushed him further until he was down on all fours. Then she lifted his dress in the back and she pulled down his panties until his rear was exposed; she carefully hid his testicles as she did. She then motioned the boys to get down on their knees as well and pull out their penises. Both were hard as a rock, but she gave each a quick tug to make sure.

“All right, boys. I’m going to sit on the couch and watch. You all have a good time,” said Lisa and she stepped back several paces and sat down on the couch. She crossed her legs and let her high-heeled pump dangle. Her pussy was so wet that her panties were soaked. She would have loved to masturbate right there, only that wasn’t consistent with her plan.

In the meantime, Alex looked down at his erection. He looked at Peter’s exposed rear before him. Then he smiled and he moved forward until his penis touched Peter’s rear.

Peter wanted to scream when he felt Alex’s warm, hard penis searching his ass for his hole, but he knew that screaming would be the worst thing he could do. He had agreed to this and he just needed to accept it, no matter how much it horrified him. As an aside, despite his horror at the situation, he was hard as a rock.

A moment later, Peter saw John move toward his head and he felt more than saw John’s penis touch his lips. It smelled musky and unpleasant, but he couldn’t stop that one either. Peter closed his eyes and slipped his lips over the head of John’s penis. He sucked it into his mouth. At the same time, Alex’s penis pushed its way into his rear like any of the dildos Lisa had been using on his rear.

“Oh yeah!” exclaimed John.

Both boys began to move back and forth, toward Peter and then away, sliding their penises into him and then almost back out. This was utterly humiliating to Peter, more so than anything else Lisa had done to him. Here

he was, a normal macho guy (at least that's how he saw himself) but he was dressed in slutty women's clothes and he was being made to give another man a blow job while a second man filled his rear. Adding a surreal element, both men were dressed as women. Somehow, that only made this worse for Peter.

As they slipped their penises inside him, Peter could feel them getting slicker. Both males had released precum. He now had another man's seed in his mouth and more in his anus. Peter suddenly felt entirely neutered. They had made him a woman and any second they would blow much larger loads into him.

Then everything changed.

The door flew open unexpectedly. In rushed a group of women. Peter remembered four, but there could have been five or more. They were all well-dressed and all wore heels. Their feet made quite a racket on the floor. They seemed to know Lisa. As they entered, they spotted what was going on and they raced over to the three males. They began pointing and laughing at Alex and John. The two males panicked and tried to escape. They rose to their feet, though neither had much luck as neither had ever worn high heels before and they struggled with the balance. Nevertheless, they got to their feet. They immediately looked for their clothes, but couldn't find them. Every step of the way, the girls mocked them and ridiculed them. Then they all started whipping out their phones and taking pictures.

"They have phones!" yelled Alex.

"Let's get out of here!" yelled John.

"I can't find my clothes!"

"I don't care; I'm not waiting!"

The two males tottered to the door as fast as they could and out into the hallway; they had no time to stop and remove their heels. They raced down the hallway to the stairs. The girls pursued them, snapping pictures all the way.

They were gone.

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“What just happened?” asked Peter, who still crouched on the floor.

Lisa snickered. “It looked to me like you gave your best friend a blowjob while another stuck his dick into your ass, girly.” Peter cringed.

“I have the whole thing on video if you’d like to see it.”

Peter cringed again. “No, thank you. Why did you make them dress in women’s clothes?” asked Peter.

Lisa laughed. “Why not? I thought it was funny. Plus, I figured it would help. Now they can’t tell anyone that they came here and had sex with Peter’s new roommate unless they want to explain what happened. That should also keep them from wanting to come back. Not to mention, it was the easiest way to get rid of them. I didn’t think you were up for post-coital spooning. Talk about what for an awkward goodbye that would have been!”

Peter shuddered at the thought. It was bad enough he had done what he did, but to then need to be held by the men who had pumped their seed into him would have been just too much.

“Besides, I like giving you dilemmas,” added Lisa.

“What kind of dilemma?”

“That! What just happened! You know what they did. They put on women’s clothes and had sex with another man... but you can’t say anything without exposing yourself!” said Lisa and she laughed again. “Of course, they can’t say anything either. So from now on, all three of you have this shared secret that none of you can talk about. How funny is that?”

Peter blushed. It was kind of funny. Ironic really. “I really am sorry for stealing your clothes,” he said.

“I know you are.”

“Now what?” asked Peter.

“Now, you give me back my clothes and you go about your life,” said Lisa. There was a hint of sadness in her voice.

Peter breathed a sigh of relief. His release had come and boy had he earned it. He couldn't wait to rip off these feminine clothes and return to just being a normal man... or could he. Peter took a deep breath. He suddenly wasn't so sure. He looked down at his painted toenails and his throbbing erection.

“Can I ask a question?” he asked cautiously. Lisa raised an eyebrow. “Ok.”

Peter's mouth went dry. “Uh... what if— that is, what if I, uh, don't want to go back?”

Lisa smirked. She looked the feminized male up and down. She had set out to punish this “pervy” young man, but over time she had honestly come to enjoy this experience and come to like him. She smiled.

“I'm sure something could be arranged,” she said.

The End.